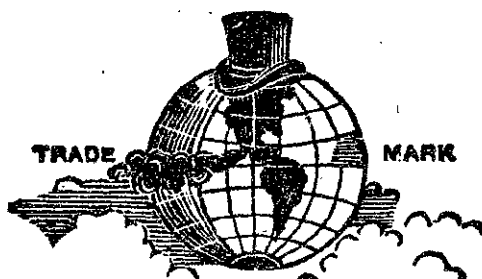


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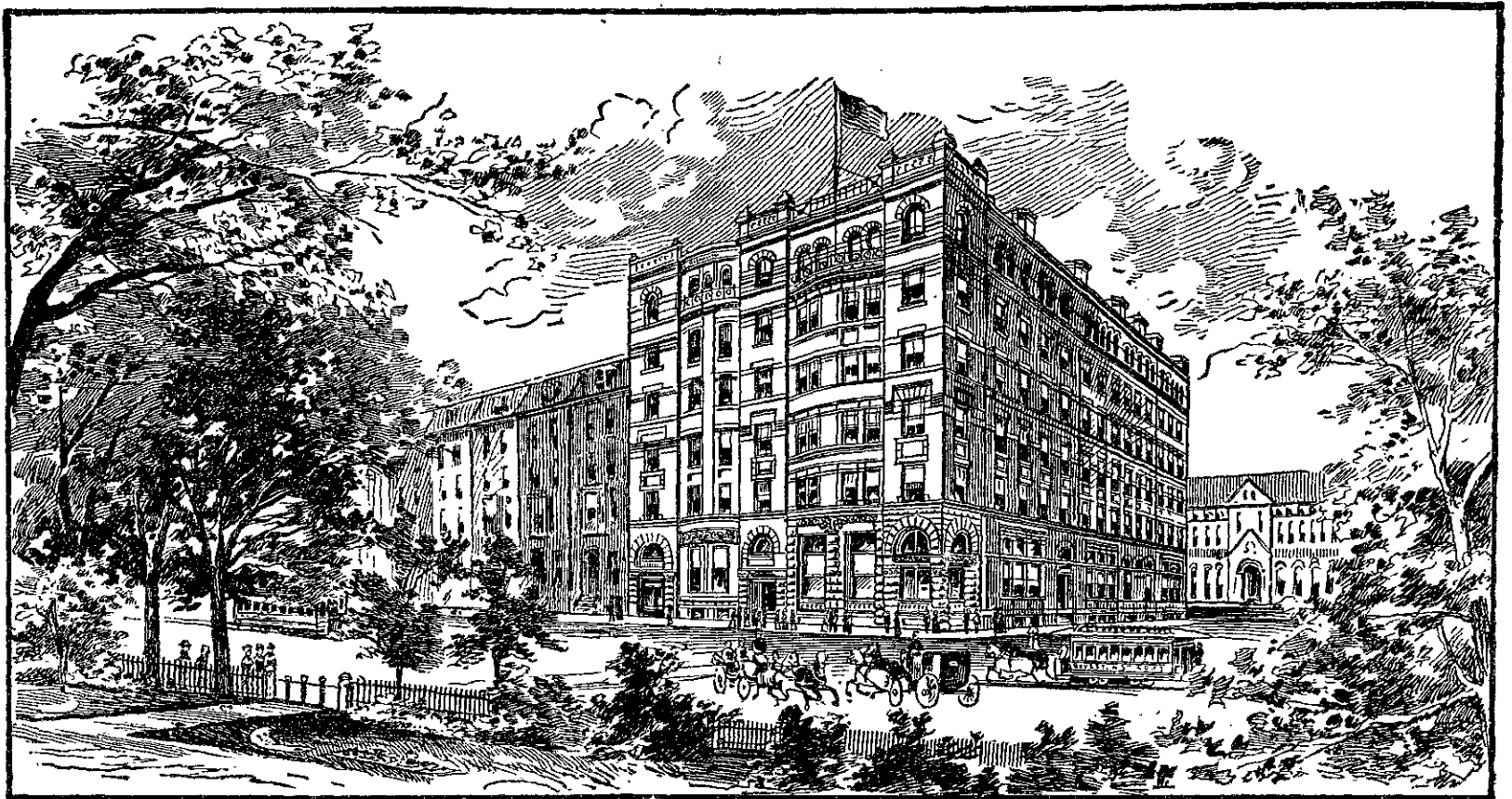
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The Tech.

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THE time for the Winter Meeting of the Athletic Club is drawing near, and our men of muscle are turning their thoughts from the football field to the gymnasium. Technology has fairly good records in all

of the usually contested events, but a "good" or a "very good" would be much more acceptable to the Athletic faculty of the Institute. Every man who has ever done anything in gymnasium sports, or any man who thinks he could learn, should go in and try for a place. There will be the usual rivalry to see which Class takes the largest number of events, and both the Sophomores and Freshmen are hard at work trying to turn out the best tug-of-war team; '89 will also probably enter a four, and we hope to see '90 do the

same. In an Institution of eight hundred men we should have a large number of contestants, and therefore let every man go in to win! When you get through with your recitations go and jump, vault, kick, or what not for half an hour or so, and get some exercise. It will wake you up for your studies, and give you a strong, healthy body. With the stiffness out of your limbs and brains, you can learn quickly and easily, and your teachers will be proud of your proficiency; you may find that you can jump or vault better than the other fellow, and your Class and the Institute will be proud of you for it. The majority of colleges are now far behind us in athletic records, but let us rank Tech. among the first!

THE football season has come and gone, the Thanksgiving recess is past, and the majority of the Senior Class have settled down to their thesis work. A larger part than we at first realize of the college year 1888-89 is already gone. Soon the Senior editors of THE TECH will withdraw from the Institute, and the paper will be in the hands of the remaining members of the board. A glance at the head of the first column of this department, will show any one what a slender staff there will be to support next year's TECH. The reason for the present diminutive size of the above board is apparent to any one acquainted with the running of our affairs. It is simply this, —there is no competition for the position of editor. This is a reiteration, but it is no less a fact. The present board is too small to accomplish, with any degree of ease or comfort, the work incident to the publication of this journal. We desire a more complete board, and we desire it now, not after the semies, or just before the close of the year. The men

who step forward now and do good work, will receive twice as much consideration as those who wait until "the heat and burden of the day is past," and the ease of eventide is upon us.

WE are pleased to print in another column an article relating to the Tech. colors. The necessity for the change is much strengthened by reading an editorial in the *W. P. I.*, the journal of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, in which the writer deplores the fact that both M. I. T. and W. P. I. have the same college colors. Worcester, he claims, selected the colors first, and therefore it would be only fair for their "friends in Boston" to make a change. At the recent football game with Worcester neither delegation seemed particularly anxious to show their colors, for fear of being mistaken for the other. Now, this state of affairs is of course all wrong, and therefore why not change either to the gray alone or to some other good color or colors?

Of course there is much to be said on the other side. We have won many victories and celebrated many good times with an abundance of the chosen colors about us, and we do not wish to lightly throw them over. There are at present many "mascot" flags in the Institute, whose owners fully believe that a defeat cannot come to Tech. with their ribbons at the contest. These individuals would deem it most unfortunate to make any change, and of course no change can be made unless the majority of the students think it advisable.

THE TECH invites discussion on the subject; let us hear from you!

MUCH complaint has come to our ears lately of the wretched ventilation (?) of rooms in the Rogers building. We do not wish to growl, but why should not the Rogers building, with its crowded class-rooms, receive some share of the personal attention to heating

and ventilation so lavishly bestowed on the new building. The direct system of heating in some of the recitation-rooms causes much discomfort to those nearest as well as to those farthest from the coils, while the limited means of ventilation are totally inadequate to the needs of the number of students so largely increased since the building was designed. Winter is approaching, with the necessity of closed windows; something should be done, and we merely ask that some means be sought to remedy the evil.

IT might seem remarkable that the short cheer which was proposed by Mr. Kirkham, '87, has sprung into favor in such a short time, and is now as much our representative Institute yell as the old and long M. I. T. cheer.

It was a thing that we needed much. In the old days, when the Tech. did but little in athletics, and a cheer was given but a comparatively few times a year, it mattered but slightly as to its character; while now, with our ever-increasing work in the gymnasium and the field, we are expected to yell, and do yell enough to know the great advantages of a short cheer.

What would our throats be after a football game, for instance after the last Williams game, if we gave the long yell?

Ninety-two, however, has yet to learn wisdom in this direction, and would be well advised to drop that "Rackety-whack" of hers. Besides there being several college cries much like hers, and being too long, the metre, if the word may be used in this connection, is all wrong. Drop out the "go-whack" in the second line and you have a symmetrical cheer; leave it in and it sounds unfinished, the two parts not joining smoothly.

The other yell that they use is, however, rather good. It was, "Tech. rah! rah! Tech. boom! bah! M. I. T. '92, ha! ha!" It is sharp and short, and '92 could adopt it to her advantage.

THE question of publishing an "Alumni" TECH seems to be creating a good deal of discussion among our graduates. What future TECH boards may do in this matter we are not prepared to say. As for us, although we fully realize what a benefit such a publication as that outlined in a recent contribution would be to all men previously connected with the Institute, we at the same time do not consider the duty of producing such a publication incumbent upon us. The "Technique" very nearly occupies the field proposed for the "Alumni" TECH, and our annual would seriously object to any such enterprise. Moreover, the present TECH board is already overworked, and does not feel equal to embarking upon any new undertaking.

If the "Technique" is not what the alumni want, the editors of that publication would undoubtedly be willing to so change it as to meet the requirements of the graduates, or perhaps, if need be, publish an entirely different magazine for their benefit.

We shall be glad to publish any further communication bearing upon this subject.

THE large crowd that accompanied the team to Hoboken did honor to the Tech., and the spirit which prompted their going cannot be too highly commended.

Nothing is more inspiring or encouraging to a representative than the hearty cheers of his constituents, and no one who was present at the game can doubt the efficiency of the visiting spectators' influence in the result of the contest.

The howling of the native mob speaks for itself, and needs no comment from us further than to urge the necessity of gentlemanly demonstrations on our part toward visiting teams, and when tempted to do the opposite, remark, "Remember Bohoken."

WE are in receipt of one of the neatest and at the same time solidly worthy circulars that we have seen for a long time.

The editors of the *Architectural Review* may well be proud of the universal commendation of their publication, voiced in the strong letters from the best representative architects of America, which they reproduce in this circular.

Were there no other inducement offered by the *Review*, this unalloyed praise of the paper by those having the best interests of our embryo architects at heart, should be enough to flood the editors with subscriptions.

A Bad Break.

We were seated in the hammock;
It was sometime after dark;
And the silences grew longer
After each subdued remark.
With her head upon my shoulder,
And my arms about her close,
Soon I whispered, growing bolder,
"Do you love me, darling Rose?"
Were her accents low, to equal
All my heart had dared to hope?
Ah! I never knew the sequel,
For her brother cut the rope!

Sam.

SAMUEL HARRIS walked thoughtfully up the street to the house where dwelt Mistress Dorothy Andrews, to whom for the last year he had been, if not formally betrothed, at least the understanding in the two families was that they were soon to be so. It was in the year 1776, and Samuel was now thinking of the events of the last few months,—the battles of Lexington and Concord, and other exciting incidents of greater or smaller importance.

The door stood open and Sam entered, the wrinkles vanishing from his forehead as he crossed the threshold. The hall was dark, but he knew where he was, and turning to the left he entered the parlor. But at the door he stopped, as if petrified by the sight that met his eyes. There on the sofa, enfolded in each others arms in the first rapture of requited love, sat Dorothy and—William Dale. They started at his exclamation, and sprang to their feet. The two young men stood confronting each

other, Samuel in his quiet Puritan costume, Dale in the uniform of a British lieutenant. Samuel struggled to control himself, but Dale broke out angrily,—

“What means this intrusion, sir?”

The answer came slowly, through almost closed lips, “I have always been free of this house, sir, the house of my—” He stopped, but Dale caught him up as if he had finished his sentence.

“It is false!” he cried; “you never were betrothed.”

Sam’s anger was fast losing control; his hands clenched, his eyes flashed, his brow contracted; in another moment he would have struck his rival had not Dorothy interposed. Pushing between them, she laid her hand on Sam’s arm, and at her touch his anger vanished. The fierce words on his lips died, and he bent his face to hers.

“Dorothy,” he half whispered, “tell me, do you love him?”

Her head fell, her cheeks flushed, but her lips moved, and he caught the word, hardly articulated, “Yes.”

He drew a quick breath, almost a gasp, then he took her hand, raised it to his lips, dropped it, and turned to go. Dale sprang forward to intercept him.

“Harris! forgive me for the part I have taken!” Sam looked him proudly in the face, brushed aside his extended hand, and passed him by. The street door closed behind him, and his rapid step sounded down the walk.

Next morning Samuel lay on the side of the embankment on Breeds Hill, and looked over the top to where, down below, troops were landing and forming. Beside him, most of them reclining on the breastwork like himself, were the Americans, disposed as became their mood; some, not minding those around them, were deep in thought; some were nervously and excitedly talking with the old veterans of the Indian Wars; some were coolly watching the disembarkation below. Like these last, Sam’s eyes were fixed on the distant troops,

but his thoughts were away with Dorothy and the scene of yesterday evening.

All the bitterness of yesterday’s disappointment had not yet gone, though he had done his best to conquer it. His feelings against them had gradually turned to one of anger at himself—his blindness and his presumption in ever hoping to win her. What a fool he had been to think of tying Dorothy to himself, when, with her beauty and brilliancy, she might look much higher. Well, she had chosen; he was not the man to come between her and her happiness. He had seen last night as his blinded eyes had never seen before, and he knew that she was bound up in Dale, and he resolved that if they met in the coming conflict Dale should go unharmed. “If I fall,” he said, “my brothers will take my place; but he is an only son, and—Dorothy loves him.”

The firing from the ships suddenly ceased; the British were advancing to the assault. Awakened from his reverie Sam looked at the priming of his gun, and then watched the long line of redcoats as they came slowly up the hill. You all know the story of the fight; there is no need of repeating it here; but at the end, as the British swarmed over the redoubt, Sam found himself cut off from the rest, with only one way of escape. He fired his last bullet at a tall grenadier, brained another who tried to stop him, leaped the breastwork, and ran down the hill. An English officer followed, bent on his capture. At the foot of the hill Sam stumbled and fell, and as he regained his feet his pursuer shouted to him to stop.

Sam turned, surprised. The officer stopped within six feet of him, his sword extended, pointing at Sam’s breast. Surrender, or fight? Sam chose the latter, and stooping, ran in under his enemy’s guard, and caught him round the waist. The Englishman dropped his sword and caught Sam’s throat, but as Sam threw him his grip broke, and this time he clasped his arms around the American’s body.

There they struggled, rolling in the soft green grass, while at the top of the hill, though out of sight, the soldiers still streamed over the embankment in pursuit of the Americans. Over the hill and the ships in the river floated a soft white cloud, slowly drifting away in the breeze; powder was silent now, while steel did its deadly work.

The struggle was a short one. Sam, fighting for life, got his antagonist beneath him, and held him down with a grasp on his throat. But suddenly each, American and Englishman, recognized the other, and Sam knew, in the face below him, the countenance of William Dale. With a hoarse cry he tightened his grasp, till Dale's eyes seemed almost starting from his head. Then his hold loosened, tightened again, and then relaxed, and he rose to his feet.

In that moment, when he knew that he had his rival in his power, he had felt a voice within him calling him to kill, to sweep Dale away; who would have known? But to kill in cold blood the man whom he knew well, who had been so friendly to him, above all whom Dorothy loved,—this would have been murder. Panting still from his terrible inward struggle he faced Dale as he rose.

Neither spoke, but Sam held out his hand. In the glance that the two men exchanged as their hands met, all animosity was set aside. Sam wrung Dale's hand in silence; he tried to speak, but could not find words, and dropping his hand he turned and strode away. Dale watched him out of sight.

Does this Cach-ou ?

I'm a little silver-coated, perfumed ball,
Quite minute, but then effective, although small;
You may eat your cabbage dinners,
(Only fit for heathen sinners),
But I'll fix you up in time to make that call.
I can kill an onion's odor with great ease,
That same odor which upon you seems to freeze;
But the only thing, as yet,
Is the clinging cigarette,
Whose anatomy, plague take it, I *can't* seize.

Miss Way.

(CONCLUDED.)

IV.

AFTER this conversation the two friends said very little to each other about Miss Way. Day after day passed, and the season at Homer's was drawing near its close. The young lady behaved with admirable discretion, keeping always on the best of terms with her followers, without bestowing any distinctive favors on either.

Some of the earliest maples were already beginning to glow on the fringes of the woods, when a rainy week set in, and the whole party at Homer's were obliged to amuse themselves indoors as they could. The restraint and the lack of exercise told visibly on the spirits of the young gentlemen; and when the sun came out a little while before setting on a Saturday evening, they were very glad to follow the other people of the hotel out of doors to enjoy the fresh air.

Laurens caught sight of Miss Way and her aunt setting off down the road, and strolled out in the same direction, expecting to overtake them at no great distance. Turning the first corner, he met them faced about. He had an impulse to turn back with them, but he resisted it, for that would be confessing that he came out wholly to join her; so he lifted his hat and passed on, raging inwardly. He walked his two miles and returned alone. On the porch were Thornbury and Miss Way, sitting on the steps. As he came up, he heard Miss Way say, "What a fine view of the sunset there must be from the knoll."

"Shall we try it?" said Thornbury.

"I haven't any shawl."

He found one, and wrapping it about her, helped her down the slope and over the little brook to the long hillside, at whose top the round rock called the knoll cropped out.

"How romantic they look!" said Mr. Benbury, directing Laurens' attention to the two figures side by side, just touched by the western light.

"Very," said Arthur; but he did not overflow with appreciation.

They sat there for what seemed to Laurens an unreasonably long time. Miss Jane came out and expressed a mild fear that Fannie might be getting cold; but still they sat there. Finally Laurens went indoors for a few minutes, and when he came out, they were approaching the house. There was the usual mild banter as they came up, which was received laughingly by Miss Way and with good-natured dignity by her companion. The two resumed their seats at the end of the porch, and Laurens, going in among the last of the boarders, left them there talking in low tones, broken now and then by Miss Way's sweet, subdued laugh.

That night Laurens slept but little. Sometimes he would upbraid himself for being so troubled by the caprices of a thoughtless girl; then, in no calmer mood, he would realize that he was desperately in love with her, and had been so all along, in spite of his efforts to persuade himself out of it. As he tossed about, waiting for the light to come and quiet his weary brain, he resolved to face the uncertainty, and not prolong his suspense another day.

He watched for Miss Way's appearance after breakfast, but somehow missed her going out, and did not see her till noon, when she came in, followed by Thornbury, carrying her shawl and a bundle of stationery. She looked tired, and complained of the heat.

It was evening when Laurens at last found an opportunity to carry out his purpose. Miss Way was standing alone in the doorway, looking out on the hills, about whose tops the mist was beginning to gather. At his invitation to walk, she looked up quickly with a questioning glance, but did not refuse. They went slowly down the road, the conversation flagging after the first few minutes.

"Miss Way," said he, after a pause, "I shall probably leave within a day or two."

"We shall miss you very much," she said simply.

"You don't speak for yourself."

"Oh, you'll never know how much I miss you;" she said, with a touch of her bright, bantering manner.

"Miss Way," said he, with a quiet deliberateness which surprised himself, "I wish to tell you that I love you. If the information gives you pleasure of any kind, I'm glad of it. If I had any hope of your returning it, I would say that if you would be my wife, I could give you many things that might make you happy. I don't say much for myself, but, such as I am, I would devote myself to you."

He looked at her intently; her head was bent, and her face was troubled, but did not soften.

"If you don't care for me, you have at least the satisfaction of making a conquest. You are welcome to it."

"Mr. Laurens," said she, turning from him indignantly with wet eyes, "I don't know what I have done to make you talk to me as you do to-night."

"What have you done?" he said passionately. "Why, nothing. What do women ever do for which they can be called to account? I have loved you all along against hope, and in spite of myself. But I do love you!"

"I cannot let you go on," she said with much dignity. "You know nothing of my circumstances."

"I don't care for your circumstances. It's you I want."

"But there are circumstances which make it impossible for me to listen to you."

"You are already engaged?"

She made no denial.

"Is it Thornbury? I think I have some little claim to know."

She shook her head with just a curl of her lip.

A flash of light came to Laurens' mind. "It can't be that you are engaged to that student, Sniggins?"

Her color deepened, and she bent her head.

"Well," said he, "you have played your part well. But let me beg you, for your own sake, don't do it too often. Be satisfied with my humiliation."

She was weeping silently, and he had enough feeling for her to try to shield her from the curious eyes at the house.

"I did not mean to speak so harshly," he said soothingly. "It was only a moment's bitterness. You must control yourself before we go back."

The dusk favored her as she went in and up to her room. With the passing of her light footfall, a strange feeling of romantic self-pity came over him, but he lit a cigar, and smoked with unexpected tranquility.

He looked in on Thornbury on his way to his own room. "I've decided to go home to-morrow, old fellow," he said.

"So have I."

"What for?"

"Reason enough. I had a little talk with the charmer this morning. We didn't get very serious, but she was kind enough to straighten me out before I had gone far. But I don't see why you are going. She admitted to me that she preferred you."

"Preferences don't count. I had a little talk with her to-night, and I found out that she is engaged to Sniggins."

Thornbury dropped an armful of things he was carrying to his trunk, and subsided upon the edge of the bed, a victim to surprise.

"Well," said he reflectively, "it strikes me that we have been sold. Wouldn't the fellows at the club like to get hold of this?"

Laurens wished him a good-night, and left him to recover from the shock alone.

V.

"The fellows at the club" generally thought that Laurens and Thornbury must have had a dull time at Homer's. There seemed to be nothing for them to praise but the fishing. Between the friends, very little mention was made of their summer experiences. Thorn-

bury seemed to have been lightly touched; he was gay as ever at all the parties that fall. But Laurens did not get over it so easily.

He neglected many invitations, and it was only from the conscientious weight of an obligation to society that he went when he did. He attended most of Mrs. Wingate's receptions, and she made a point of bringing interesting people to him, but she shook her head over his indifference.

One evening she came and carried him away from a political discussion in her library.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"A young lady. No," she said, laughing at his pretence of drawing back, "you shall not escape."

They went through the long drawing-rooms to the conservatory, Mrs. Wingate explaining that it was a relative of hers, a Boston girl, who had but lately completed her education. As they stepped out among the flowers, a slight figure in a group of young people turned toward them. Laurens felt a queer lightness in his head—the quick stopping of the pulse which comes even to a strong man with intense surprise. It was Miss Way. Her color only deepened a little as Mrs. Wingate presented him, and she began to talk easily on some trivial topic. The sound of music from the parlor called their companions away, and he stood looking at her as if she were an illusion, whose enjoyment must be seized now or never.

"I wish," said he, "before we go any further in discussing the opera, in which I haven't the remotest interest, you would tell me who you are."

She laughed, and looked up with her old winning coquetry. "Only a simple Boston girl."

"But I thought you lived in North Chanton, or some such place."

"I lived in *South* Chanton—you must have been interested in me not to remember north from south—a whole long month with dear, harmless Aunt Jane. Don't you think I made a good country belle? I was so tired of home

manners and boarding school back-boards that I felt like letting myself out last summer."

"Well," said he, "Mr. Benbury seemed to get the best of that."

"Mr. Benbury?" she asked doubtfully. Then with a mischievously radiant smile, "O, yes."

"I don't understand about Mr. Sniggins," said he.

"What don't you understand about him?"

"How he came to be engaged to you."

"Who said we were engaged?"

"Why, you did."

"I did? Never! If I had I should have told a most atrocious fib."

"I certainly understood you so."

"I can't help your understanding."

"Well, whom were you engaged to?"

"I wasn't engaged to *anybody*. I never heard such impertinence! As soon as you are introduced to Miss Way, of Boston, you ask her whom she is engaged to."

He looked at her with a new hope in his eyes, but could not gather his thoughts to say a word.

"You were so intent on giving the poor country girl a chance to refuse you, that you took everything for granted; that's all."

"What an immeasurably stupid—" he began; but she, seeing his growing excitement, and catching sight, too, of Mrs. Wingate coming to look for her, said, with a twinkle of fun: "What a nice story that would make, wouldn't it? But it's all in the past. No," she went on, laying her fan on his lips as he began to say something about taking up the subject where they left it, "I was acting a part; I didn't give you fair play. If you want to see me, you must come just as if you had never met me till to-day."

"How can I?"

"I don't know. That's for you to find out. Come and try. It will be awfully funny. I shall be relentless, and if you make the smallest allusion to last summer I shall send you directly home, sir. Come to-morrow evening."

T. M. O.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:—

Although greatly opposed to changes as a general rule, I still think there is one change which would be of benefit to our institution; that change is in regard to our college colors. There are very few of the leading colleges in the country that do not have some *one* shade for their university color. Harvard has crimson, Yale has blue, orange is everywhere recognized as Princeton's color, green as Dartmouth's, and even the fair damsels of Smith College appear, in general assemblies, clad in their college color—white. Now why should Tech. not have some *one* color? Is not our *Alma Mater* a leading college? Let some one color be taken which can be united with other colors to form combinations enough to suit the most fastidious taste. One great object of the single color is that the different classes can combine it with other shades to form their class colors, and thus there will be some conformity,—a virtue which at present is conspicuous by its absence.

There are many colors at our disposal, though the best ones have naturally been taken already. One color, gray, which has been a Tech. favorite, still remains. Gray can be united with different shades to form some of the finest of combinations, such as crimson and gray, the present Tech. colors, and blue and gray, the colors of '90.

The idea of this change in the college colors was strengthened at the Tech.-Williams football game last Wednesday, when a Tech. fellow asked the writer why the cheering was led by a youth with '90's colors. He seemed greatly surprised to learn that they were the college colors. Another instance: at our last mass meeting a freshman arose and asked the chairman what the Tech. colors were. Now, his question was not due to any extra amount of greenness, but rather to the fact that the great variety of colors of the classes, and the lack of conformity to the Institute colors, had become mixed up in his mind with mathematics and chemistry. If the Tech. had had one single color, and if this color had appeared in each of the class combinations, that Freshman would not have made himself so conspicuous.

It is not an easy undertaking to change in a matter like this, but it could be done without much trouble, and after but little discussion, for every one must see the advantages of such a change.

If THE TECH would take this matter up, it would have but little trouble in convincing all the students that such a change would be advantageous. "90."

Noticeable Articles.

By far the most noteworthy paper in the English magazines for November is that in the *Nineteenth Century* entitled, "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination"; and a very remarkable paper, or rather series of papers, it is. It consists first of a vigorously written protest against the competitive examination system which has become almost the sole working-power of English schools and colleges, from the highest to the lowest,—a protest signed by three hundred and forty-seven names, all of which are printed, and among which may be found some of the most eminent men of letters and men of science in the kingdom: Lord Armstrong, Professor Bryce, Professor Blackie, Oscar Browning, Canon Creighton, Professor Boyd Dawkins, Professor Fowler, Professor Freeman, the venerable Dr. James Martineau, Prof. Max Müller, Professor Nettleship, Francis Newman, Professor Pollock, Professor Rhys, Professor Sayce, E. B. Tylor, Professor Westcott, Dr. Crichton-Brown, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Edwin Arnold, Rev. Stopford Brooke, J. A. Froude, Sir Charles Hallé, Judge Thomas Hughes, W. R. S. Ralston, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Miss Elizabeth Sewell, Miss Charlotte Yonge, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Aubrey De Vere, Professor Gardiner, Sir William Grove, the Bishop of Winchester, and Sir Monier-Williams. Anyone at all acquainted with the thought of England as represented by her living scholars,—men of science, professional men, and artists,—can estimate the character of the long array of names from which such a shorter list can be culled. This protest is followed by three pungent articles on the subject by Prof. Max Müller, the famous Sanskrit Professor of Oxford, Prof. E. A. Freeman, her learned Professor of Modern History, and Frederic Harrison, one of the very ablest of English literary men.

A more scathing indictment of a false system could not well have been drawn up than is contained in these documents. "We, the undersigned," begins the first, "wish to record our strong protest against the dangerous mental pressure and misdirection of energies and aims which are to be found in nearly all parts of our present Educational System. Alike in public elementary schools, in schools of all grades and for all classes, and at the universities, the same dangers are too often showing themselves under different forms. Children . . . are treated by a public department, by managers and schoolmasters, as suitable instruments for earning Government money; young boys of the middle and richer classes are often trained for scholarships with as little regard for the future as two-year-old horses are trained for races; and young men of real capability at the universities are led to believe that the main purpose of education is to enable them to win some great money prize, or take some distinguished place in an examination."

The document then goes on to detail the mischievous results of the system: the injury to health; the perversion of education and the loss out of sight of its true aims, and the evil effect on the minds of all subjected to it,—“the temporary strengthening of the rote faculties to the neglect of the rational faculties; the rapid forgetfulness of knowledge acquired; the cultivation of a quick superficiality and power of skimming a subject; the consequent incapacity for undertaking original work; the desire to appear to know rather than to know; the forming of judgment on great matters when judgment should come later; the conventional treatment of a subject and loss of spontaneity; the dependence upon highly skilled guidance [of professional ‘crammers’]; the belief in artifices and formulated answers; the beating out of small quantities of gold leaf to cover great expanses; the diffusion of energies over many subjects for the sake of marks; and the mental disinclination that supervenes to undertake work which is not of a distinctively remunerative character after the excitement and strain of the race.”

The strength of this tremendous indictment cannot be appreciated without the perusal of the whole. Max Müller says: “From what I have seen at Oxford and elsewhere, all real joy in study seems to me to have been destroyed by the examinations as now conducted. Young men imagine that all their work has but one object—to enable them to pass the examinations. . . . England is losing its intellectual

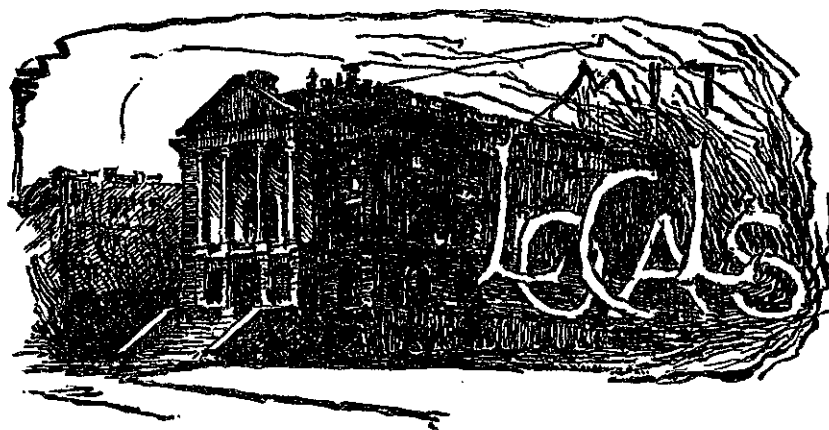
athletes who were a head and shoulders taller than the rest, and used to be looked up to as born leaders of men." These are weighty words coming from such a source. In what style that most learned of English historians treats the subject, those can judge who are acquainted with the trenchant and vigorous manner in which that pugnacious gentleman is wont to go into a fight; and Frederic Harrison, who speaks from an experience in teaching and examining of more than thirty years, says: "Life is becoming one long scramble of prize-winning and pot-hunting, and examination, stereotyped into a trade, is having the same effect on education that the betting system has on every healthy sport."

The subject is not a new one, though no such indictment as this has ever before been drawn against the system. A good many years ago we made a collection of the utterances of eminent men respecting it; one of the most scathing was that of Professor Huxley. And the German Dr. Wiese, visiting England ten years ago, thought England had then gone examination-mad.

In a very capital address given in 1874, as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, and entitled "Universities Actual and Ideal," Professor Huxley returns to the subject: "Examination," he says, "like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. I by no means stand alone in this opinion. Experienced friends of mine do not hesitate to say that students whose career they watch appear to them to become deteriorated by the constant effort to pass this or that examination, just as we hear of men's brains becoming affected by the daily necessity of catching a train. They work to pass, not to know, and outraged science takes her revenge. They do pass, and they don't know."

Of course there can be no question as to the value of examinations in their proper place, and used for a legitimate purpose. No good teaching can go on without them. The London *Spectator* draws the distinction very well when it says: "There is no sort of genuine education which ought not to be supplemented frequently by test examinations, and by the criticisms of the teachers on the fashion of the answers given. But to prepare yourself with the object of remedying your own deficiencies, and to prepare yourself with the object of beating your fellow-students, are very different things; and we quite admit that for students, as students, and scholars, as scholars, the competitive system usually does more harm than good."

W. P. A.



Freshman (to horse editor): "Say, Mister, is this 'Technique?'"

About thirty men were present at the Hoboken game to cheer the team on to victory.

It is said that at the Institute the latest style in trousers is "all wool and a yard wide."

The Glee Club held its regular rehearsal Friday, November 23d, in Association Hall.

President Walker and his daughter were interested spectators at the Williams game.

The Sophomores have finished the lectures in Heat, and have commenced Laboratory work.

The regular meeting of the Chess Club was held Thursday evening, the 22d, at the Thorndyke.

The grounds at Hoboken were nearly as hard as our own were at the time of our Williams game.

Dr. Gardner recently delivered a lecture before the Trinity Club upon "The Development of the Chick."

The K₂S shingle of membership has appeared; it is a very neat and tasty production of the engraver's skill.

The first half of '90's "Technique" is set up and the proofs corrected. It will appear about the 18th of December.

The fourth-year Miners had a lead run on the 27th of November, and contemplate another on December 11th.

Wallace Macgregor, '90, is up to his eyes in soap, in the Industrial Lab. A fine quality of "Razzledazzle" is the result.

Power is to be introduced into the Industrial Chemical Lab., for the purpose of running the edgestone mill and the centrifugal drier.

Captain Duane was obliged to remain at Hoboken during the Yale-Princeton game, on account of the injury to his ear. He has our sympathy.

The fourth year students in Climatology contemplate the formation of a local observation bureau for weather predictions. Look out for squalls!

Plato's rules for the training of athletes, written about twenty-three centuries ago, have never been improved; they are in use now, practically unchanged.

Mr. F. Holmes Dodge has just returned from New York. He bet on Princeton, and his late arrival in Boston is due, so says Dame Rumor, to the bad state of the walking.

The *Bangor Commercial* made a curious mistake in publishing the number of students in Colby University. After gravely stating the number of Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, it says, "Frenchmen, 47."

It has been suggested by an old player that a canvas curtain with a hole in it sufficiently large to allow a football to pass through, would be an excellent idea to practice the quarter-back in accurate passing.

Before the class in Advanced Physics, papers were read recently by E. W. Gannett, '89, on "Printing Telegraphs," and by F. P. Whitney, on "Writing Telegraphs." The papers showed careful preparation.

On the 26th of November, the morning of the big storm, the south corner of the roof over the Rogers Building leaked so badly that the Course IX. library was flooded. A very bad state of affairs, with so many rare and valuable books on the shelves.

Important.—At a recent meeting of the Athletic Club's Executive Committee, the date of the Indoor Closed Meeting was changed from December 15th to December 22d, on

account of interference with the Tech. dance, to be given in Cotillion Hall, Mechanics Building.

The annual excursion of the fourth year Chemists was taken on the 27th of November. The Rumford Chemical Works, and the Silver Spring Bleachery and Dye Works, were visited. The party consisted of about a dozen men, under the guidance of Prof. L. M. Norton.

At the meeting of the Society of '91, held on November 24th, the following officers were elected: President, Chas. F. Hammond; Vice-Presidents, Henry G. Bradlee and W. C. Dart; Secretary and Treasurer, Edw. Cunningham, Jr.; chairman Executive Committee, Mr. Pratt, with C. P. Coggsell and P. C. Powers.

The Civils have recently made a vigorous kick to the Faculty on account of the great amount of work that was heaped upon them. An investigation revealed the fact that they were struggling under a load of ten extra hours over the schedule time. The work has been lessened, and the Civil now goes his way rejoicing.

At a meeting of the Society of '90, held Friday, November 23d, the following officers were elected: President, C. E. Ripley; Vice-Presidents, G. N. Calkins, H. W. Clement; Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. Stearns; Executive Committee, E. M. A. Machado, S. D. Flood, F. H. Dodge, A. Loring. Messrs. W. Ellis, J. L. Batchelder, Jr., and J. B. Blood, were appointed to draw up resolutions on the death of Andrew H. Spring.

The members of the Senior Class are commencing the selection of their theses. The following men have chosen their subjects: W. B. Thurber, IX., upon "The History of Savings Institutions in the United States from 1873 to 1888"; H. A. Craig and Mr. Snow, II., upon "The Transmission of Power by Ropes"; Wm. M. Beaman, I., "A Topographical Survey, together with a Discussion of the

Geological Structure of the Region lying between Nantasket and the Mainland."

The M. I. T. Architectural Society held a meeting on the 22d of November. The forty-minute-sketch problem, given by Mr. H. G. Ripley, was "A Design for an Ornamental Well in a Courtyard." Mentions were given as follows: First, Ford; second, Kilham; third, Pennell. T. R. Kimball and H. D. Bates were the judges. Mr. Boynton read a paper entitled, "The Architect of the Gothic Period in France." Messrs. E. V. Seeler and J. A. Meyer, both of '91, were elected members.

The roster of 1888-89 is as follows, as far as it has been completed.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS M. I. T.
BOSTON, Nov. 17, 1888.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.—The following appointments having been confirmed by the Faculty, are hereby announced as the officers of the Corps of Cadets. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly. Major, T. C. Wales, Jr.; Adj't, W. C. Lambert; Quartermaster, P. A. Warner; Serg't-Major, F. C. Shepard.

Company A: Capt., F. I. Davis; 1st. Lieut., S. Burrage; 2d Lieut., A. G. Pierce; 1st Serg't., J. Atwood.

Company B: Capt., H. S. Potter; 1st Lieut., W. E. Scales; 2d Lieut., C. F. Park; 1st Serg't., F. H. Howland.

Company C: Capt., A. A. Pollard; 1st Lieut., C. F. Wallace; 2d Lieut., H. C. Wells; 1st Serg't., J. C. Colby, Jr.

Company D: Capt., J. A. Curtin; 1st Lieut., E. P. Kraft; 2d Lieut., C. B. Grimes; 1st Serg't., N. H. Messenger.

Mr. J. W. Cartwright, '89, has been elected to the editorial board of THE TECH, and begins his duties with this issue.

Notice football extra! One of the greatest feats of modern college journalism is the supplement contained in this issue. Notice the steel engravings in the football supplement.

Inasmuch as a Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from among us our honored friend and schoolmate, Andrew Hastings Spring, a beloved companion in our work as well as in our recreations; and, whereas, having been brought into intimate relations with him during the past summer, thereby having learned to appreciate his worth;

Resolved, That we, the members of the Summer School of Mines of 1888, do greatly miss our beloved fellow, and that we will always cherish his memory; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, to whom we wish to express our sincere sympathy, and a copy of the same be sent to THE TECH for publication.

G. G. STONE, } *Committee.*
A. H. ROGERS, }

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

There are nineteen men at Cornell taking the course in journalism.

Over \$1,000 has been subscribed for a new cage for baseball practice at Dartmouth.

Harvard has graduated three Presidents, two Vice-Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House of Representatives, and four Supreme Court Judges.

L. T. Bliss, brother of C. D. Bliss, captain of the Andover eleven, has been elected captain of the same team for next year.

According to the *Columbia Spectator* only "chumps and Freshmen" wear the prescribed cap and gown.

Dartmouth is the *Alma Mater* of 292 college professors and 47 presidents.

The concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs and Pierian Sodality, will take place in Sander's Theatre, Thursday evening, December 20th. —*Harvard Crimson*.

Amherst forfeited the Stevens-Amherst game arranged for Thanksgiving, owing to lack of funds.

THE TECH is out at last, and is full to overflowing with prophecies and exhortations about football. However, it contains some good editorials on the subject, and no one could find it in his heart to censure them for the large amount of space devoted to athletics, when he sees how enthusiastic they are, and how hard they are striving to make "Tech. Foot Ball Team, Champions 1889," as they were in 1888. Success be with them!—*Lasell Leaves*.

Will the fair editors of the *Lasell Leaves* please peruse the last few pages of this issue?

W. H. Bardwell, an English mathematician, claims to have squared the circle. His solution consists of eight figures which in concrete shape form a perfect cyclometer.

England has only one college paper edited by undergraduates, the *Review*, which is published at Oxford.

Dartmouth has appointed an instructor in music, who will give the entire college lessons once a week.

Cambridge High School has won the football championship of the interscholastic league.

The Williams Glee Club will take a trip through New York in the Christmas vacation.

Football Scores.

Nov. 21, Tech., 22; Williams, 0.
Nov. 21, Dartmouth, 40; Amherst, 0.
Nov. 24, Tech., 14; Stevens, 12.
Nov. 24, Yale 10; Princeton, 0.
Nov. 24, Lehigh, 16; Lafayette, 0.
Williams '92, 12; Amherst '92, 4.

DELICATE SCALES.

Guide: "Now, ladies and gentleman, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true that these weights are so delicate they mark the difference between a blonde and a brunette hair."

Tourist (opening memorandum book): "And which weighs the less?"

Guide: "The lighter one."—*Life*.

Technics.

A DISTINCTION.

Mrs. M. (to Charles, who has just paid her a vain compliment): "Charles, why do you persist in saying such a silly thing, especially as it's all intended for soft soap."

Charles (well up in repartee): "With but one distinction, Mrs. M.; mine contains no lye."

Hostess: "Now, Mr. Singley, won't you favor us with one of those delightful nautical songs of yours?"

Singley: "With the greatest of pleasure, dear Lady H.; I should be only too happy to sing you 'The Return of the Tar,' if I could but get the pitch."

A question in the conservation and correlation of energy (1st Soph. to 2d Soph.): "What becomes of the energy expended in putting one's arm around a pretty girl?" (2d Soph.): "It all goes to waist."—*Ex*.

A giddy young student of "Tech."
Declared that he felt like a "wrech";
When he went into class
The Professor he'd "sass,"
And—well, the Prof. "jumped on his 'nech.'"

A. F. C.

Professor Luquiens (Course IX. adv. French): Quel jour du mois avons-nous aujourd'hui M. R-ts.

R-ts- Il fait froid, ce matin.

"You are rather flighty this morning," said the banisters staring hard at the hall carpet.

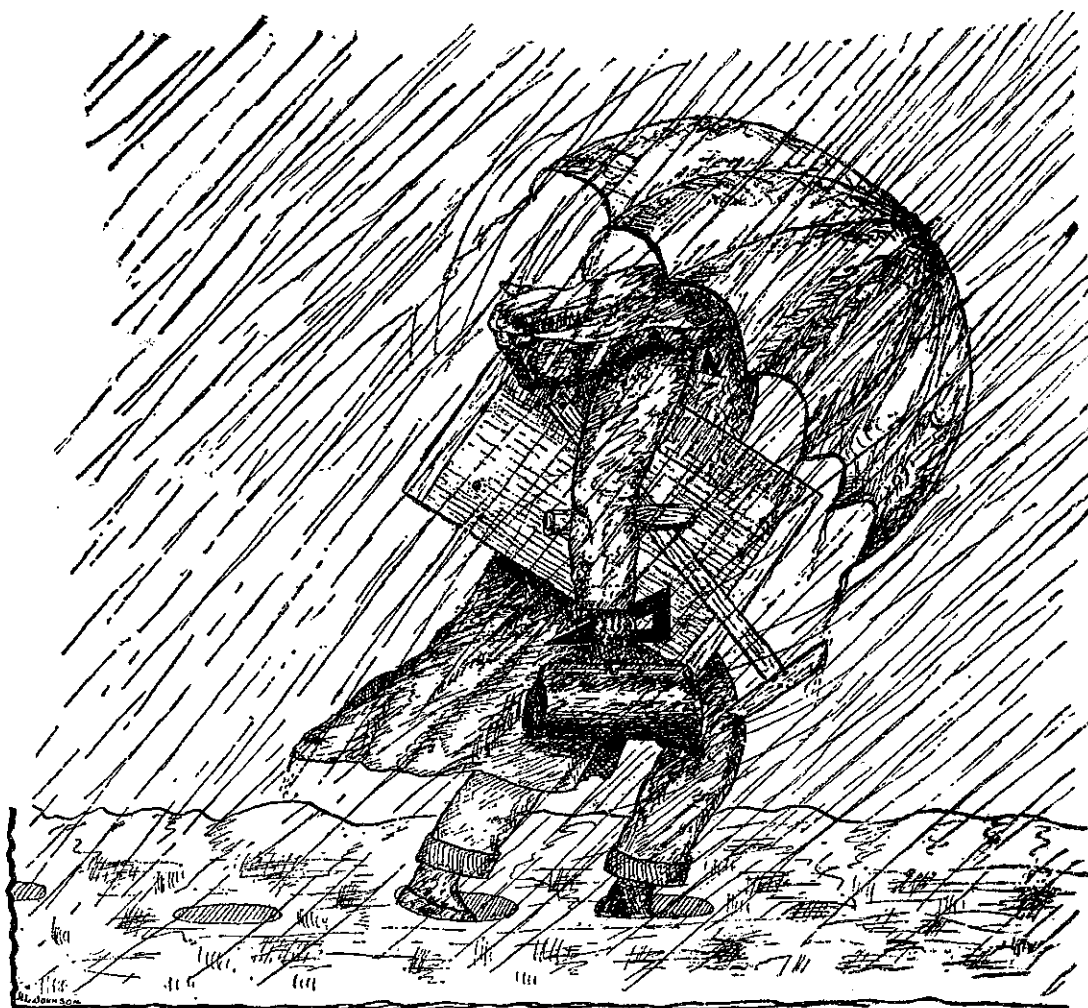
A Vision.

Through the shadowy mists of the silent night,
From far abroad, over land and sea,
I dreamed that she whom I love had returned,
And in sweet tones was speaking to me.

It seemed as though I was not of the earth,
For a soft, sweet spell over me came,
Until I was rudely roused from my trance,
And my very soul was filled with pain.

For 'twas not the voice of my love I had heard,
(Let the thought rest forevermore dead!)
'Twas that d—d young kid howling "Herald and Globe,"
And my first lecture I'd passed in bed.

M.



THE ABOVE SKETCH IS INTENDED TO SHOW ONE OF THE NUMEROUS PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC SURFACE ROADS, AS DELINEATED BY THE MONKEY BUSINESS GOING ON IN FRONT OF THE INSTITUTE LAST WEEK.

NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN.

Do you know, of earthly blisses,
None are half so sweet as kisses,
Pretty Miss!
And, your lips, than other misses',
I would kiss.

Then the village maid looked shyly
Whilst I kissed her—Curse all wily
Maids!—In brief:
She had held a needle, slyly,
"Twixt her teeth!

—*Yale Record*.

THAT WAS JUST THE TROUBLE.

"I'm afraid" the Prof. said,
As he shook his gray head,
"You will never be noted for toil.
By the way you prepare,
I'm afraid you don't care,
About burning the midnight oil."
"Why, that's just what's the row,"
But stern grew the Prof.'s brow,
As he waited for the culprit's confession;
"I was up all last night,
With a kerosene light,
Taking part in a torchlight procession."

—*Yale Record*.

"And so," he said bitterly, when he realized that she had rejected him, "and so you have been flirting heartlessly with me all the while. Well, thank Heaven I have found you out at last!"

"Yes," she replied, "you have; and what is more, I think you will always find me out hereafter when you call.—*Somerville Journal*.

PADDLING.

The greater light that rules the day,
Hath seen a day of heavenly pleasure;
His beams have lit the golden way,
To win a maid—earth's fairest treasure.
Old Sol hath sunk to well-earned rest,
In *robe-de-nuit* of glowing splendor,
Yet lives one glad ray in my breast—
When light thine eyes with glances tender.
The lesser orb that rules the night,
Beholds our light craft gently gliding;
The dipping paddle falls as light
As whispered words of sweet confiding.
Then let me woo with soft caress,
Draw nearer to thy side and nearer yet,
And even nearer——

Thunder what a mess!

Oh, Grace! good gracious, but this water's wet!

—*Columbia Spectator*.



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FOOTBALL SUPPLEMENT.



Williams Whitewashed!

TECH. TOUCHDOWNS.

TECH. 22; WILLIAMS 0.

**Contagious Cheering Characterizes
Each Pretty Play.**

**The Triumphant Team Taken by the Trans-
ported Throng and Carried Conquerors
from the Campus.**

SATURDAY seems to be the day *par excellence* for football. It is therefore only the most absolute necessity that will allow the managers of a team to have any game, especially one of a championship series, scheduled for any other day of the week. Saturday afternoon every one is free, and the student seeks relaxation from his studies in amusement; and if a game of football is going on he is sure to be present. Other week-days studies frequently press hard, and many cannot attend. The fates had, however, decreed that we should play Williams Wednesday, and so all was got ready, and a sufficiently large assembly to pay expenses hoped for. The game was advertised to be called at 3 P. M.

The Stevens-Dartmouth game, resulting in a score of thirty to nothing in favor of Stevens, had lent a peculiar interest to the Tech-Williams game; for should Williams win she would tie Dartmouth for first place, and should Tech. beat she would tie Dartmouth for first place, provided she should beat Stevens the Saturday following.

Therefore, at about half past one the crowd began to arrive, and from that hour until the close of the first half the ticket sellers had their hands full in supplying admission. The appearance of the Williams eleven rather discouraged the well-wishers of Tech., and caused the Harvard medics, present in large numbers, to smile and to wager.



Presently the Tech. eleven appeared, wearing large coats over their sweaters. Some fifteen minutes were passed in limbering up before the game, in passing the ball to and fro, and running.

Soon the cry of "Off the field" was heard, and the "coppers" pushed all back of the line, except the two elevens, the referee, and the reporters.

Game was called at five minutes past three. Williams won the toss and took the ball, Tech. taking the east side of the field. Williams started with short rushes, thereby gaining some ten yards; but here their progress was stayed, three downs forcing them to kick to Germer, who made a very pretty rush; Godchaux passed the ball back to him on the line up, and he repeated it. Duane then did the same. Williams was rather startled at Germer's wonderful running and dodging abilities, so Durand caught him by the ankles the next time he ran. This was a foul tackle, and gave Tech. five yards, Germer making

FIFTEEN YARDS MORE

on the line up. Two more rushes by Duane, a rush and crawl by Germer, carried the leather well into Williams' territory, where four downs gave them the ball. The ball was snapped back to Kimball, who made one of the prettiest runs of the game for Williams. Three downs forced Vermylie to kick to Germer, who made a fair catch and a pretty run on the line up. Duane then took the ball under his left arm and

RAN TWENTY YARDS,

then five, and then fifteen, which brought it to Williams' 15-yard line, where it went to them on four downs. They could gain no ground by rushing, however, so Standfield kicked to Durfee, who made a short rush. On the line up Godchaux attempted to run with the ball, and the referee gave it therefore to Williams. Durand started out well for a pretty run, but he and Pierce met, somehow, and—well, he stopped, and Tech. got the ball on four downs. Godchaux made a bad pass and lost some ground, which good rushes by Duane, Durfee, and Germer soon regained, Tech. getting five yards more for Durand's foul tackle of Germer. Duane kicked to Standfield on three downs, but Williams immediately lost the ball on a fumble. Godchaux passed it back to Durfee, who rushed six yards, and crawled and pushed five more, amid the applauses of the assembly. Duane

here ran around the end of Williams' line, and stopped only at Williams' 15-yard line, where he was thrown, when outside, by Standfield, his head striking a rock. For a time he was unconscious; he, however, came to just before the time limit, and made another pretty run, which was very prettily stopped by Rowland. Williams got the ball on four downs, and after gaining some ground kicked to Germer, who ran

HALF THE LENGTH OF THE FIELD

with it before he was stopped. Durfee then distinguished himself by another phenomenal rush and crawl. This brought the line of action to within twelve yards of William's goal-line; another rush, head down, by Duane,



CARRIED THE BALL OVER THE LINE,

amid cheers, yells, and the most unprecedented demonstrations of joy. This took place at exactly twenty-seven minutes past three. It was some time before the field could be cleared of the exultant Techs sufficiently to allow of an attempt to kick a goal, which, however, failed, leaving the score four to nothing. Williams lined up at the 25-yard line, and failing to gain any ground kicked to Germer, who, by fast running and phenomenal dodging, brought it back to the place from which it was kicked, where it was lost on a fumble.

Standfield again kicked to Germer, who made a fair catch. Durfee made a fine run, Duane the same, who, on being tackled, passed to Godchaux, who gained ten yards.

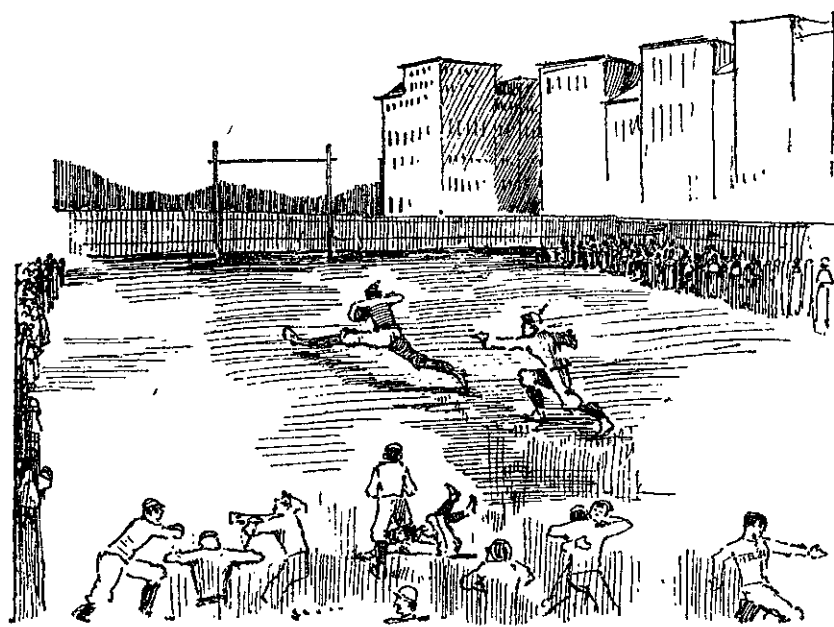
Time was called, with the ball in the centre of the field.

The second half Tech. took the ball and faced the other way. Williams put on three new men, and started in with a determination to win.

DUANE'S SUPERB RUSH

opened the second half; another of the same kind followed, and then Pierce did likewise, bringing the ball well into Williams' territory. The ball was then passed to Roberts, who being tackled passed to Duane, who made a short rush, was downed, and passed to Durfee. He chose the right man, for Durfee's crawling rush will never be forgotten by those who saw it. He made fully

TEN YARDS ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, it taking three Williams men to stop him. The welkin was ringing with cheers, the names of Roberts, Duane and Durfee being coupled with the "Rah! rah! rah!" of Technology. Another rush by Durfee, and another by Duane, carried the object of contention over the line at four o'clock, Duane kicking a goal. The elevens now lined up at the centre, Williams having the ball; Standfield kicked, however, on three downs, and Germer got it. Godchaux made a pretty pass to Duane. Duane was tackled and passed to Dame, who made one of the prettiest runs ever seen on the Union Grounds, going nearly



TWO THIRDS THE LENGTH OF THE FIELD,

and carefully depositing the ball behind Williams' goal-posts. At seven minutes past four Duane kicked the goal.

On the line up, Williams' rushers seemed to have lost all their snap, and kicked to Durfee on three downs, having receded rather than advanced, by three rushes. Tech. got through their line with the most perfect ease, and gave the half-back no time to run before they were down.

Durfee made a fair catch of Standfield's kick, and ran twenty yards before he was downed. Duane did the same, and kicked on three downs. Williams' backs fumbled the kick. Pierce got it, and ran nearly to Williams' goal line. Duane carried it over at seventeen minutes past four. Duane kicked the goal.

Williams kicked immediately to Durfee on the line up, and our full-back outdid himself, for he

RAN NEARLY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE FIELD,

dodging marvelously until stopped and heavily thrown by Standfield. Durfee was so severely shaken up by his fall upon the icy ground that he was retired, and Stearns put in his place.

Pierce ran twenty-five yards, and Duane kicked on three downs. Tech. both regained and lost the ball on fumbles, and Germer closed the game in the same brilliant manner in which he had played throughout, making

A RUN OF FIFTY YARDS

and a touchdown, which was not allowed, as it was claimed he ran out of bounds. Time was soon after called, with Tech. in possession of the ball at Williams' 25-yard line, the score standing, Tech. 22; Williams 0.

It would be impossible to give anyone not present an idea of the enthusiasm manifested throughout and at the close of the game. Every move, every signal of the teams, was watched with breathless interest, each brilliant play—and there were many such—causing the air to resound with cheer upon cheer. When time was called, the members of the team

were shouldered by their own especial admirers and carried from the field of battle.

The best work for Tech. was done by Duane, Germer, Durfee, Dame, Godchaux, Pierce, Willard, Rice, Hamilton, Highlands, and Roberts. For Williams, by Standfield, Vermylie, Hotchkiss and Kimball.

The two teams lined up as follows: Tech.—rushers, Willard, Pierce, Roberts, Rice, Highlands, Hamilton, Dame; quarter-back, Godchaux; half-backs, Duane (captain), Germer; fullback, Durfee.

Williams—rushers, Campbell, Ruic, Hotchkiss, Longwell, Johnston, Rowland, Lovell; quarter-back, Kimball (captain); half-backs, Vermylie, Durand; full-back, Standfield.

Mr. Kelley, of the Harvard Medical School, officiated as referee to the satisfaction of all.

Stevens Squelched!

Tech. Tackling and Stevens Slugging give us the game.

TECH. 14; STEVENS, 12.

Last Year's "Kickers" again Punished.

Offensive and Uncalled-for Yelling Fail to Rattle the Boys from Tech.

ABOUT seventy-five Tech. men and graduates congregated at the St. George's Cricket Grounds, in Hoboken, on Saturday the 24th, to witness the game which was to influence the championship balance one way or the other. Enthusiasm ran high, and cheer after cheer urged our men on to victory.

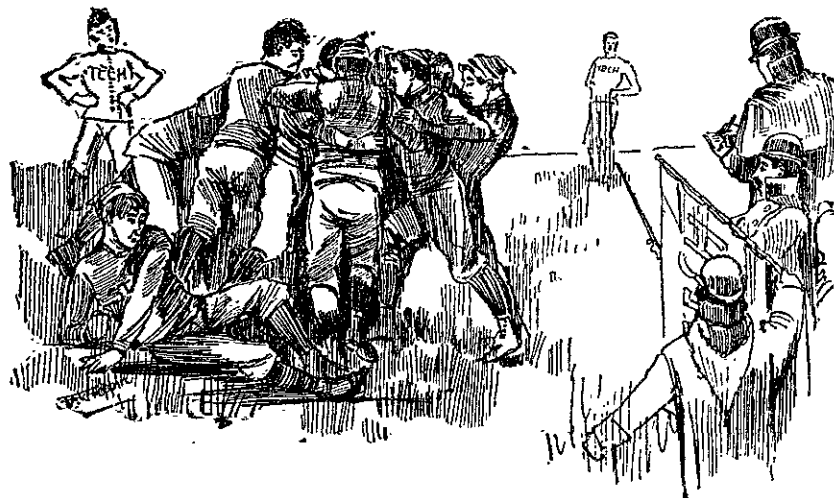
The make-up of the teams was as follows:—

Tech—rushers, Willard, Tracy, Roberts, Rice, Highlands, Hamilton, Dame; quarter-back, Godchaux; half-backs, Duane (captain), Pierce; full-back, Germer.

Stevens—rushers, W. Mason, Wreaks, Loud, Hall, Macey, Mildman, Phelps; quar-

ter-back, DeHart; half-backs, Hernandez, Strong; full-back, G. Mason.

The game was called promptly at ten o'clock, and opened with short, sharp plays, and a beautiful rush by Duane. On a fumble the ball went to Stevens, and a long punt by G. Mason brought the ball well back into our territory. Effective short rushes by Germer and Duane, and a punt by the latter, brought the ball to the centre of the field. Willard's fine tackling prevented any gain by Stevens, and Tech. getting the leather on a fumble, Duane made a long kick, well returned by G. Mason; no gain. Both sides occupied themselves with a merry



EXCHANGE OF FISTIC COURTESIES,

but no one was ruled off. Tracy, finding himself unfit for play from his old hurt, retired in favor of Pierce,—Stearns coming in and playing back of the line.

Tech.'s ball: Germer's rushes yielded no gain, and the ball went to Stevens on four downs. Great work by Duane and Willard secured the ball for Tech. While it was yet in our territory Germer's and Hamilton's short rushes, and the latter's pass to Duane for another rush, advanced us about twenty-five yards toward Stevens' goal. Germer lost two yards, third down. A fumble gave the ball to Stevens, but it was quickly regained by Duane on DeHart's fumble. No advance. Duane's kick was caught outside. G. Mason's punt was missed by Stearns, and Loud, by a fine run, made Tech.'s spirits fall, only stopping at

Dame's persuasive tackle within five yards of our goal line. Stevens' quarter-back rushed the ball over the line, so no touchdown was allowed.

Duane kicked out to Hernandez; Godchaux tackled; DeHart and Hernandez slightly advanced the ball by hard work, but Germer and Godchaux prevented the necessary gain, and the ball went to Tech. on four downs. On Germer's failure to get round the ends, and no gain or loss, Duane kicked to Mason on third down. By Mason's return ten yards was gained. This was repeated almost exactly on next third down, but on Stearn's failure for fair catch, W. Mason captured the ball and rushed it over the line for first touchdown at 10.45. The try for goal was successful, and the score stood: Stevens, 6; Tech., 0.

Tech. took a brace, and played with more snap. Duane covered twenty yards by fine rushing, and steady advances were made by Germer, Duane, and Pierce until the ball was kicked from Duane's hands and captured by Stevens.

The ball soon returned to Tech. on fumble, and hard rushing pushed the fight

UP TO STEVENS' TEN-YARD LINE.

Four downs gave the ball to Stevens, and G. Mason kicked to Stearns, who was downed; one half the field lost. By the offensive and uncalled-for Ki-yi-yi's of the Hoboken spectators during our quarter-back's signaling, and by much monkey business and fumbling, the ball remained for some time in centre of the field. Willard was hurt, and laid off; Kales took his place. Mason's kick was fumbled outside by Duane, at Tech.'s 25-yard line, but good tackling and blocking prevented Stevens following up her gain. Four downs gave Tech. the ball, but time was called after one down, five yards gained. Score: Stevens, 6; Tech., 0.

The second half opened by a 20-yard rush by Stevens' fat boy; but fumbling and poor re-

turn of Duane's punt by Mason, with Duane's fine rushing, wiped this out, bringing us to Stevens' 35-yard line. Good blocking prevented either side from gaining, and after eight downs Germer and Godchaux pushed ahead within three yards of Stevens' goal line, and



DUANE RUSHED THE BALL OVER AT 11.30 for a touchdown. The try for goal failed. Score, 6-4. After slight gains by Germer, Duane, and Pierce, Germer made a brilliant run up the field, which the referee did not allow, holding that he ran outside. Stevens ball on fumble, and their quarter-back, with the aid of the V, advanced to the centre of the field. Referee Kelley here saw fit to prevent further disfigurement of our team by W. Mason by disqualifying the latter. Macey took his place.

Mason kicked and Duane returned, Kales following it up with a brilliant tackle. A pass ahead gave us the ball, and

"KICKING" BECAME GENERAL.

Steady advances by Hamilton, Duane, Godchaux, and Germer brought the ball to Stevens' 25-yard line. Try for goal from the field failed, and both teams lined up at twenty-five yards.

Germer caught the kick-off and made a good run, backed by Dame and Duane, and at 11.55 the latter

RUSHED THE BALL OVER

for another touchdown, amid tremendous excitement. No goal; score, 8-6.

On Stevens' third down Mason kicked to Stearns, and Godchaux

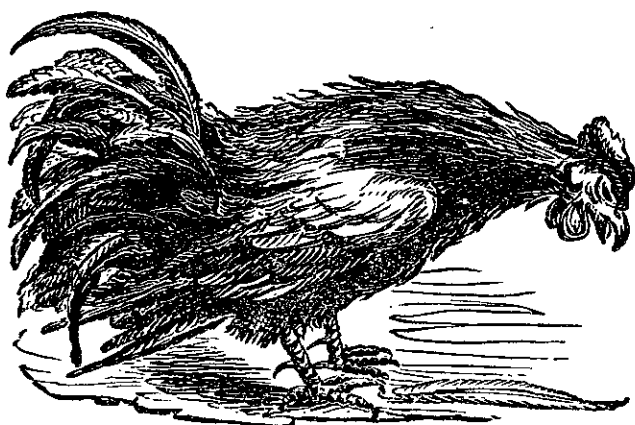
SQUIRMED THROUGH THE RUSHLINE,

and by a plucky run, assisted by Roberts' good blocking, scored another touchdown. Try for goal being successful, the score stood 14-6 in Tech.'s favor. Four downs and fumbled punts by Stevens gave us the ball several times, but no decided advantage was gained. Strong team work and a kick-over kept the play in Hoboken territory. A pretty run by Germer was not allowed. Sharp work prevented Mason's kicking and Hernandez' rushing from gaining much advantage.

Two punts and one return gained Tech. fifteen yards, and on next return Godchaux made a bold sprint, but was captured without gain. Four downs, and Macey got through our rush-line and ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. Try for goal succeeded, and the score stood: Stevens, 12; Tech., 14.

Germer and Godchaux advanced the ball about ten yards, when time was called, and one of the closest games of the season was ended.

The features of the game were DeHart's omnipresence, the rushing of Hernandez and Duane, the tackling of Hamilton, Godchaux, and Dame, and the sprinting of Germer.



THE OTHER FELLOW.

THE League Convention will be held in Springfield, on the first Friday in December, and Tech.'s chances for the championship will then be definitely settled. The Stevens game has been protested, and is therefore still in doubt, though nobody who witnessed our game there, doubts that we outplayed Stevens and won the game on its merits. The gentlemen of the land of beer, however, have always been unable to acknowledge themselves beaten, especially when the score is close. This difficulty showed itself very plainly in the Dartmouth-Stevens game of a year ago. It is not probable that Stevens will be able to win a game by talk that she lost on the field; and therefore the outcome of the matter will probably be that Tech. and Dartmouth will each be credited with three games won to one lost. Whether or not the tie game will have to be played off is also a question to be settled by the convention; but in any case we may very reasonably expect to hang a new banner in Rogers corridor this winter. THE TECH claims the championship for the Institute, and we have never prophesied wrongly!

IN a recent number of THE TECH we published, after much thought and consideration, a careful criticism of the team and its tactics of playing, and we think that the advice there given was in some measure instrumental in bringing about the present pleasing state of affairs. We only wish now that the above-mentioned editorial had appeared one issue before. As there mentioned, Dartmouth beat us simply through their beef. We have, undoubtedly, the quickest and most agile team in the league, and it is because we have depended almost entirely upon that agility that we have won. We should have liked to have beaten Dartmouth, as we undoubtedly could and can, and had a clean score of victories; but we will not cry over spilt milk.

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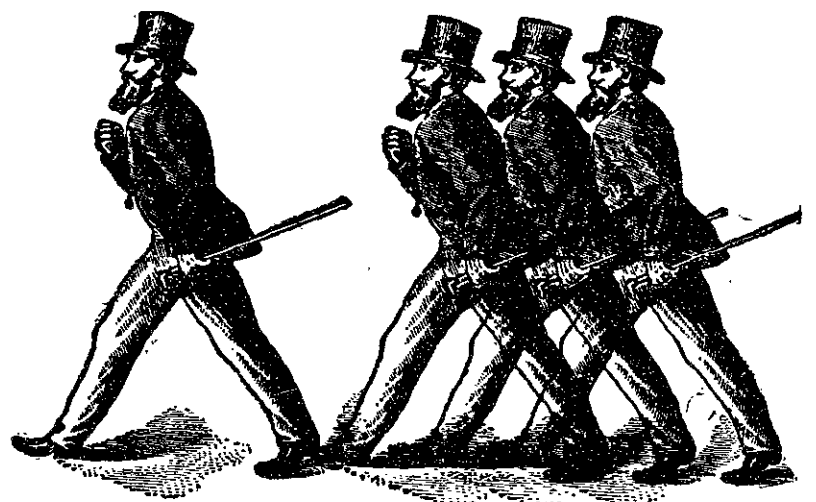
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